

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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## Robert Franz.

Robert Franz was born on the 28th of June, in the year 1815, at Halle on the Saale. His parents belonged to the middle class, and had in their characters none of the elements to which the artistic tendencies of their son could be traced. His father was, as it not seldom happens, a sworn enemy to all so-called unprofitable things and gainless arts. Notwithstanding this, he must have been the more gifted of the two for music; for in his old age he sang to the great enjoyment of his children, a number of chorals and motets, which he had from time to time heard and learned in his school-days, with the purest intonation and most undeviating accuracy. These artistic manifestations only extended to church music—he was insensible to all other musical impressions. His mother possessed sound and sterling qualities, and sought by her own diligence to supply the deficiency of culture which was a necessary result of the manner in which she was brought up. She took great interest in the education of her son and daughter; the employments of the father kept him the whole day away from the house, so that he concerned himself but little about this children.

In this way the boy grew up, while his relations, and perhaps even he himself remained unconscious of the musical capacities slumbering within him. His father took him sometimes to church on high festival days; when the customary church music was to be performed; "which must have whirled around wonderfully in my head, for I well remember to have dreamed and hummed about the house for weeks afterwards." But there the thing ended. When old enough he attended the grammar school of the Halle "Waisenhaus," whose higher classes practised singing one hour weekly. "The 'Cantor' now and then allowed us to sing two and three part songs: the second part was sung by carefully chosen pupils, to whom I in no way belonged, and who were placed upon a separate bench. I sat with the larger number. Often I could not resist the strong desire I felt of extemporizing a second part, and drew upon myself, in consequence of this unlawful private amusement, many hard boxes on the ear from the 'Cantor,' which did not however prevent me from running courageously into the same danger on the very next occasion. The rest of the school did not sing by note, but only by cipher; in the higher classes alone did the 'Cantor' venture to exercise us in reading by note.

In his fourteenth year he left the grammar school and entered the Latin school, formerly the "Waisenhausgymnasium." About this time, as he himself relates, his first musical tendencies were manifested. One of his relations had a son who was a piano-maker, in Vienna, and who, while on a visit to his mother, had discovered an old clavichord at an auction. This spinet like thing, not leathered but quilled and without dampers, he strung anew

for his own use, and then left it with his mother for her own private entertainment. "The good woman sat for hours at the instrument, and thrummed unweariedly on the keys, without having the least idea of music. My mother gave me an account of this interesting pastime, and curiosity, or if you will, an inner voice, impelled me to take a personal observation of these performances. This decided my fate. From this time I was not to be separated from my relation, and vied with her in attempts—quite enough to make one's hair stand on end—to draw harmonious sounds from the dismally groaning instrument. The mere playing upon it naturally could not long content me, and I forthwith betook myself to more earnest studies. In the drawer of the clavichord I discovered a written set of long forgotten dances, probably a relic of the first possessor, and this furnished the basis of my artistic development. At the grammar school I had learned some violin notes, and I found out with my own hand the tones corresponding to them. The bass-notes naturally gave me more trouble, but these also I gradually learned, and was thus placed in a position to lay quite extensive plans. With the most striking perseverance I contended boldly with all obstacles, though it is to this day a complete riddle to me, how I succeeded in successfully overcoming them." His mother must have been at first greatly astonished to witness this absorbing interest, but finally, though with many shakes of the head, she consented that he should ask his father to purchase the beloved instrument for him. Then arose an energetic opposition; his father would not have such a disturber of peace in the house; but finally yielded to his repeated solicitations and bought the instrument for eight Prussian thalers. Then began a noise in the paternal house—father, mother and sister from that time enjoyed no more quiet hours.

"I was then a stout boy of fourteen years, who was not to be trifled with in any way and knew how to carry his point. So I now petitioned for an instructor on the piano, and my mother was actually compelled to procure one for me." A relation, who played a little on the piano, was intrusted with the instruction of the young art-aspirant, and one need only recall his own experience, in order to obtain an idea of the manner in which the ground was prepared for the budding sapling. The teacher did not know much more than the scholar—soon came saucy questions, and consequently serious collisions, and it may be imagined that the "stout youngster" did not sweeten the task to his preceptor. The final result of these proceedings was a change of teacher, though without any especial gain for the pupil, as the new master was worth no more than the old; the little drama was repeated in the shortest space of time, and so it happened, that I went from one teacher to another, without having enjoyed anything which deserved the name of instruction. I found myself thrown upon my own resources, and wavered about first

in one direction and then in another, in the most bewildered manner. Two circulating libraries in Halle supplied the varied materials for musical studies, and all were blindly taken out and heaped one upon another; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Herz, Kalkbrenner and Hummel; you may imagine what a confused state my head was in. At least these mad doings found by chance a wiser limitation." A teacher at the Gymnasium named Abela, held once a week a chorus practising for the more gifted pupils. Our friend joined the class, and the master's attention was soon attracted to him. He himself played but little on the piano, and was delighted to discover in the boy a "remarkable reader by note," to whom he could without anxiety trust the accompaniments. "These chorus rehearsals certainly exercised an important influence upon my later development; the cantatas of Mozart and Haydn, the oratorios and psalms of Handel concentrated my rambling attention and formed a lasting foundation for future growth. It is true I remained as before self-taught, but now in a way which must preserve me from a ridiculous end."

As his devotion to music took exclusive possession of the mental faculties of the youth,—"wherever I was, it was unceasingly running in my head"—so it could not but follow that his studies at college should be seriously interfered with. The unclassical pursuits of the youth were at first treated with ridicule and then with harshness—so much the more intense did his longing become to devote himself unrestrainedly to artistic pursuits. While in this distress he entered a higher class at the college—and his parents found themselves finally compelled most reluctantly to yield to their lost son and to place no further obstacles in the way of his devotion to the art. His mother was in despair, because she saw no end to the thing, his father scolded, their interest in him only made his situation more insupportable through taunts and reproaches—"only my simple but unshaken belief in my destiny enabled me to stand from amid all this misery and to induce them to bring this painful situation to an end, by taking me from college, and allowing me to try my fate under the auspices of Fr. Schneider. My attempts at composition had all the faults of foolish self-teaching, and betrayed neither talent for form, nor any intrinsic worth. If at this day a young man should present himself to me who had accomplished the same as I had done at that time, desiring me to decide upon his future course, I should advise him to do anything else rather than to enter upon the profession of an artist. I was only an inferior performer on the piano, and on the organ, which I had taught myself, I was equally unskilful. With regard to Schneider's requirements of young art-students, he was easily satisfied; we were expected to be present at the hours of instruction, and at the orchestra and singing-rehearsals, otherwise we were left to ourselves. Here also it ended in my being again thrown upon my own resources. Not a long time

elapsed before I belonged to those "personis ingratiss" who thought they knew many things better than the master. When I reflect now impartially upon my connexion with Schneider, I do not wonder for an instant that we separated from each other; two more uncongenial natures than were ours could scarcely be found. Among my remaining fellow-students, I chose only the congenial ones, and we pursued our artistic studies privately on our own responsibility."

After remaining two years at Dessau he returned home, but at once encountered again the same bitterness. It was required of him to give undeniable proofs of his ability under the most difficult circumstances in the world. His compositions thus far were good for nothing, they had the doubtful worth of pedantic studies. Not being far advanced as a performer either upon the piano or upon the organ, our friend was wanting in those qualifications which were needed to awaken the interest of the public in him. The paternal house possessed no connexions, but on the contrary was rather a hindrance to their being formed. For that purpose all the relations desired to see substantial results of his studies, and as these could not be brought forward, there was naturally no lack of reproaches of the severest and most inconsiderate kind. In order to escape these he endeavored to obtain a vacant place as music teacher and director of a small singing society in Schönebeck. Some good spirit, however, counselled him to take a survey of things in the place itself before entering upon the engagement. "But what I saw and heard there, was not at all attractive! Without hesitation I shook the dust from my feet and returned to Halle, never more to leave it. Naturally this attempt also aided in rendering my stay in my father's house still more uncomfortable; I was deserted by all except my mother. Had I not possessed her, had she not remained true to me and stood bravely by my side—I should have sunk under this dreadful wretchedness."

After nearly a year of such suffering, Franz was admitted into the musical circle of Schröner, "Landgerichts director" at Halle, and this event exercised an important influence upon his future development. Principally compositions of the old Italian masters and works of Bach and Handel were practised in this circle. Franz, at first one of the chorus, soon became the accompanist, and thus the direction of the whole fell into his hands. "Puffed up with self-sufficiency, the sad inheritance of the high school at Dessau, I looked at first with contempt upon the efforts of these dilettanti;" they knew neither simple nor double counterpoint, they knew not how to fabricate canons or to manufacture fugues. Quickly enough must I have made myself ridiculous from my arrogance—they saw in my knowledge only means to an end and with regard to this end their views were different from mine. They judged of the intrinsic worth of a work of art, not of its form, the latter was a matter of course in a true work of art. That I continually got the worst in these contests was plainly visible to me, and I began to reflect more deeply upon these fundamental principles. From this time things appeared to me in a new light. The old Italian masters did not move me much, but Bach on the contrary made the greatest impression upon me. Until now I had really known him only by name. Wholly astonished I entered

suddenly upon a world of which my soul had never dreamed. At this time also, began my first acquaintance with Schubert; and it may easily be imagined what a strong impression this soul of fire must have produced upon me. The results of this newly acquired knowledge were not slow to manifest themselves, and I drew a dash over my past life and so to speak began a new existence. The compositions of Bach and Schubert served as models for me; first of all I entirely gave up composing: what I wished to express, was in the most violent opposition to my now circumscribed interests. These raged entirely unchecked within me and finally took possession of me so wholly, that my devotion to them was fast becoming morbid. Schubert especially wrought so fearfully upon my brain, and made my nervous system so irritable that it unfortunately made me subject to a deafness, which to this day still torments me." Gradually his acquaintance in Halle became extended beyond that little circle. Intercourse with young academicians furthered his culture; Ruge's periodical review, which at that period was exerting a great influence in Halle, aided his strivings; the philosophical, aesthetic and critical knowledge also that he had acquired, found application in his artistic studies, and aided him in an important manner to understand the principles of art. He had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, "a continual coming and going, with a constant ebbing and flowing of ideas, refreshed me infinitely, and taught me to look at things and to judge of them from different points of view. After my passion for Bach and Handel had somewhat cooled, or rather after I had appropriated to myself what in them was congenial to my nature, a period followed, which drew me strongly towards my eminent coteremporaries. Pre-eminently did Schumann bring to maturity, much that until then slowly fermenting had been working within me." A long journey to Salzburg and the Tyrol which Franz undertook for the sake of trying to restore his hearing, must have exercised a healing and strengthening influence upon his whole being, for after his return, signs suddenly appeared of self-dependent creative powers: "I must compose, because I cannot help it. The longer my powers had been pent up, the more stormily did they now burst forth. From that time I date my true studies; I taught myself art-expression. With every new song my power increased, and I gained variety in form, which until then had been wanting to me. The necessity of acquiring clearness in my ideas was exceedingly useful to me; I never succeeded in composing until I knew exactly what I meant to express. Ambition had until then been a stranger to me—that also had been an advantage to me; for I composed not for others, but first of all for myself, pouring forth my little sorrows and joys in true artistic genius. This egotism did not allow me to think of bringing my compositions into publicity—that seemed to me like a profanation of my holiest feelings." Many friends of our artist, and among them especially his present brother-in-law "Hinrichs," urged him strongly to publish some of his sets of songs. He sent them to Schumann who interested himself most earnestly about them, and almost immediately obtained a publisher for them. Of his method of occupying himself with art, he says himself, that in spite of his constant musical pursuits, he

could yet speak of no really musical studies in which he had been engaged at any one time. "I threw myself over head and ears into everything which interested me, and can only truly think of myself as enjoying. By nature I possessed great powers of observation, I never enjoyed blindly, but ever sought to understand clearly the reasons of my satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the objects. To this harmonious balance between reason and feeling do I owe principally what I have become; it has helped me easily to surmount all difficulties. A sound instinct also impelled me to occupy myself only with those things which corresponded to my taste and feeling, and to have absolutely nothing to do with whatever was in opposition to my own individuality. In enjoying I have always learned, and that has been my experience until the present day. That I almost exclusively employed the song-form, and but seldom wrote in any other manner, was at first the result of irresistible necessity: later I was convinced that in this form my meaning received its truest expression. In the main I have not swerved from this rule, and could with difficulty resolve to make a trial of any other mode." Franz lives at present honored in Halle his native place, which could not refuse to recognize his genius, although his fame first extended itself abroad, before he was justly appreciated by his fellow-townsmen. "Thus gradually the direction of the "Sing-Akademie" and the Halle "Gesellschafts Concerte" fell into his hands, he had been for a long time already their organist. At the University he had lately been elected music director. He had given, as before mentioned, a direction and important artistic meaning to the musical life at Halle, especially through numberless classical performances, more particularly of the works of Bach and Handel; the firm yet modest character of our artist cannot fail to exercise an important moral influence over his whole circle of friends and acquaintances, the performances of the Halle "Akademie" are a reflection of himself; musically solid, upon the ground work of perfection full of freedom, without vain show or regard to momentary consequences. Franz at present enjoys the universal esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and the exalted appreciation of his fellow-artists.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Music in France.

We have long felt the need of an epitome of French musical history, some sketch book of the annals of the art, which might serve as the thread upon which to string the facts in history and biography, which we are continually picking up in the course of our reading, but which we know not exactly how to place in proper historical and chronological order. There are plenty of old books, some of them are of great extent—none of them to our purpose. M. Charles Poisot, of Paris, has just published the book needed. Originally essays in the *Univers Musical*, it is now a carefully revised but rapid survey of the music of his country down to the year 1860. The whole forms but a small duodecimo volume of some 300 pages. The first seven chapters are devoted to the origin and progress of sacred or liturgic music, of course that of the Roman Catholic church, of which confession the author is a devoted member, as a hundred passages in his work prove. This fact, however, is



one which rather adds to than diminishes the interest of his book, as it gives us an insight into that religious feeling, from which has sprung so much of the most glorious music of the greatest composers—that of the mass, the highest form of music in the opinion of such men as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini.

Then follow sketches of the history of the Grand Opera, of the Chanson and Vaudeville, of the Opera Comique, Instrumental Music, the Conservatoire, &c.

It seems to us that we can do our readers no greater favor than to give them, from time to time, portions of this work of M. Poisot, and beginning with a translation of the first few chapters of the book, not perhaps the most interesting, but we hope of no small value, especially to that portion of our readers who sympathize with the author in their religious faith.

We add here some passages from M. Poisot's introduction, from which the reader will see that he is as devoted a Frenchman as he is a devout Roman Catholic. Whether the reader will be disposed to admit the author's claims of credit to France and Frenchmen, is perhaps a question. What he says of the Bards may not perhaps be new, but as they form his starting point, it seems proper that it should find a place here.

"No one, to my knowledge," says M. Poisot, "has treated the subject which I have here undertaken. Yet, in fact, precious documents are scattered through great numbers of books; but they needed to be brought together, made complete and arranged in chronologic and historic order.

"This seems to me the right time to bring out to the light our French school, formerly so brilliant, still so remarkable and yet so little known by artists, amateurs and the public generally.

"Opera, it is true, originated in Italy; Germany is the fatherland of instrumental music and the symphony; but France had also its national music in the chanson, the vaudeville and the comic opera.\*

"Through the good sense, taste and wise eclecticism which characterize it, the French school at the present time tends to become universal in Europe and to rule the entire musical world. [Bravo, M. Poisot!] Why does every illustrious stranger seek with such ardor success in Paris? Because Paris is, in fact, the head of the civilized world, the modern Athens, the city which makes reputations; and as our language, so clear, so perspicuous, so precise, tends by its use in European diplomacy to conquer the place held by the Latin in the middle ages, so our school of music is substituting itself for all others through its faculty of absorbing the various merits of the schools of the most diverse countries. \* \* \* \* \*

"Before speaking of the divisions which we have adopted in this work, let us cast a glance backward upon the music of the ancient races, which fixed themselves successively upon the soil which we inhabit."

We omit what the author now says upon Enoch and Jubal and Tubal Cain, and other worthies, doubtless better known to our readers than to the public which M. Poisot addresses. Nor will we follow him in following the disper-

\* Has England nothing? Can M. Poisot show any secular part music earlier than the old English "Sumer is i-cumen in"? German writers allow (by inference) credit to England in this branch of music.

sions of the races which sprang from Shem, Ham and Japhet, but take him up again at the point where he speaks of Bardism.

"According to J. C. Walker, in his *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, (4to. Dublin, 1786), Ambergin, brother of Heber, first Monarch of Ireland, had the rank of Chief of the Bards. This dignity imposed on him the triple duty of poet, historian and legislator. The Colleges of the Bards were held in the depths of oaken forests. There, the Druids taught their disciples the elements of history, the art of oratory, the Laws, by means of poetry, in which was contained all the science of those distant ages. Music was always connected with this multiple course of instruction and was regarded as the most exquisite division of human knowledge. Their teachings were oral, and were continued from twelve to twenty years.

"The word *Bard* comes from *Bár* or *Barydd* which signifies the "fine frenzy" or exaltation of the poet. Famous singers celebrated to the sound of the lyre or harp the acts and deeds of heroes and preserved the genealogies of all their princes which they carried back in a direct line to Adam!

"In Ireland, when the student had finished his course, a bonnet called *barred* and the degree *Ollamh* (or doctor) were conferred upon him. Every profession being hereditary the candidates for Bardism were necessarily of certain families.

"As soon as the young Bard had received his degree of *Ollamh*, the choice of his profession was determined by that of the family to which he belonged. He became *Filea*, *Breitheamh* or *Seanacha* according to his birth; these offices, long united in the same person, had become separated, their duties being thought too numerous for a single individual.

"The *Ollamhain-re-dan* or *Filidhe* were poets; they preserved in verse the traditions of religion; they animated, both before and during the combat, the soldiery with martial odes and songs of war; they celebrated valorous deeds, and composed verses upon the births, marriages and deaths of the chiefs and princes, who held them in their service. The *Filidhe* were also the heralds and faithful followers of their princes; they marched at the head of the armies, clad in long white flowing robes, holding magnificent harps in their hands and surrounded by the *Orfidigh* or musicians of the orchestra.

"During battle, they held themselves aloof and from a safe place—their persons being held sacred—watched the deeds of their chieftain. The muse animated them and aided their watchfulness: some even pretended to the gift of prophecy, and the better instructed among them were admitted into the order of the Druids.

"The *Breitheamhain* or *Brehons* promulgated their laws in a sort of recitative, sitting upon an eminence in the open air. They united the double functions of judges and legislators.

"The *Seanachaidhe* were antiquaries, genealogists and historians; each province, chief, prince had their own.

"Besides these three orders of Bards, there was another of inferior grade comprehending all players upon instruments. To all classes of these, their profession was also hereditary.

"In Gaul, as in Ireland, the Bards immortalized in their verses the actions of heroes; moreover they often interposed in combat and through their influence the sword was often returned to

its scabbard. They even censured their chiefs, when their actions were not exempt from reproach.

"Thus viewed, the part which music played becomes really sacerdotal. It added to the majesty of religious rites, by giving more of force and harmony to public prayer, appeased the fury of the warriors, taught history and preserved the memory of grand deeds, reprehended those who did wrong; truly grand and important functions, whose benefits might in our day be felt, if those who rule in art would will it seriously and perseveringly.

"Under the Roman dominion Gaul received the influence of Greek civilization, but the Roman emperors were often cruel and sanguinary. A law of Claudius abolished the Druidical rites and ordained the extermination of the priests. The noble profession of the Bards degenerated by degrees under the corrupting influence of strange and pagan manners. According to Athenaeus, they became mere courtiers and parasites.

"The principal string instruments in use in Roman Gaul were the barbiton or lute; the psaltery of ten strings, which were played with a plectrum; the cythary of two, four or eight flaxen strings, under powerful tension. Among the wind instruments were the horn of the *Urochs*; the marine trumpet [?]; Pan's pipes; trumpets, straight and curved; the simple flute, straight or curved, long or short; and the double flute of wood or silver. The bag pipes and shepherd's pipes are curious relics of our ancient instruments. The instruments of percussion in use in those times were, cymbals, *crotales*, cithern, (of Egyptian origin), and the Basque drum. But, soon the invasion by barbarous nations began to pull down the structure of the Roman empire; the Burgundians and Franks successively overran Gaul, and Clovis founded the first united French monarchy.

"A grander cause of civilization had risen in the East. In time of Augustus Christianity was born in the stable at Bethlehem. The apostles soon spread the Good News in all lands. The church at Lyons was founded by Pothin and Iranaeus, coming thither from Smyrna. Christians were multiplied through the influence of eloquent preaching but more through martyrdom. Clotilde converted Clovis. Martin, Hilaire and Denis had planted the faith among the Gauls. When the light of the Gospel had caused the dark mysteries of Druidism to vanish, the Bards no longer sang the praises of false gods, but made their harps to sound in honor of the Trinity. The Christians also spread their doctrines with the aid of hymns and sacred canticles. Thus we see that in all times, under all forms of civilization and religion, music was added to prose and poetry to augment their force and add to their effects."

(To be continued.)

### Moravian Christmas Festivities.

In no church upon earth are the festivities which characterize Christmas better calculated to arouse and impress a just conception of the holy subject of commemoration, than among that devoted band of Christ's followers—the Moravians. Truthful specimens of art, illustrating a variety of incidents connected with the nativity, decorate the houses of the village congregations, while the services in the churches themselves are conducted with appropriate forms, heightened by impressive and beautiful music. To the children, especially, are these annual religious demonstrations fraught with the highest temporal

and spiritual pleasure—scenes and services these which cling as the ivy itself to their hearts, through all the shifting phases of after life. On Christmas Eve, a prominent place is assigned the little ones of the flock, immediately in front of the minister, who discourses upon the gospel narrative of the Saviour's birth in language adapted to the understanding of the simplest intellect. The children unite enthusiastically in the hymns of joy and praise; and, to quote an able writer, "when, near the close, Christ is being sung as the 'Light of the World and Sun of Righteousness,' the doors of the hall are thrown open, and hundreds of burning wax tapers illuminate the uncertain light of the declining day, words cannot express the delight beaming in the countenances of the happy gathering of little ones." Festivities, thus peculiar and impressive, annually congregate into the Moravian towns immense herds of country farmers with their sons and daughters. These latter are attracted by the twofold object of witnessing the religious exercises, and of gadding through various houses in which there may be found ingenious and tasteful "Putzes," or Christmas decorations; many of which it may be remarked, would suffer but little, when subjected to severe art criticism. Amid boughs of spruce, hung in graceful and thickly netted wreaths and festoons, forming verdant alcoves, may be discovered fanciful imitations of landscape features; mills in active operation; ponds alive with ducks and geese, steadily sailing with the motion of unseen magnets; flocks of sheep and squadrons of grazing cattle; and perchance, suspended over all this idyllic scene in miniature, a large, illuminated transparency, portraying with vivid effect the infant Saviour in his rude manger, surrounded by the brute denizens of the stable. Angels pendant, swing gracefully through the scene, lighted into effect by multitudinous wax candles.

The music in the church services is admirable and appropriately chosen. Rich, gushing tones of the organ, moulded into devotional harmonies by well-skilled students of the solid German choral style, peal solemnly through the sacred edifice; and from the key-note at the close of the voluntary proceeds a classic symphony, in which a full orchestra combines with the instrument, thus doubly enhancing the effect. And after the symphonic prelude, the choir, numbering many well-trained voices, vocalizes anthems replete with love and gratitude—glorifying the incarnation of a world's Saviour in strains of joyous and heavenly harmony. These anthems are culled from the works of Haydn, Graun, Beethoven, Becker, and others; nor can any person who has ever heard the Rev. Francis Hagen's beautiful composition—*Morgenstern auf fuenfte Nacht*—sung in alternate melodic movements by the choir and the band of little children below, forget its almost heavenly effect. Many of our patrons, who have been educated in the celebrated Moravian schools, will recall vividly the scenes herein described. May each succeeding Christmas find them as happy as they must have been while seated in the unostentatious churches of the villages wherein passed their school days. And, in conclusion, a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to every reader whose eyes may chance to light upon this article!—*Amateur's Guide, Phil.*

### Women and Music.

Dr. Holmes, in the "Professor's Story" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaks thus of the women without music in their souls.

"Beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in words or song! So long as a woman can talk, there is nothing she cannot bear. If she cannot have a companion to listen to her woes, and has no musical utterance, vocal or instrumental, then—if she is of the real woman sort, and has a few heartfuls of wild blood in her, and you have done her a wrong—double bolt the door which she may enter on noiseless slipper at midnight; look twice before you taste of any cup whose draught the shadow of her hand may have darkened!

"But let her talk, and, above all, cry, or if she is one of the coarser-grained tribe, give her the run of all the red-hot expletives in the language, and let her blister her lips with them until she is tired, she will sleep like a lamb after it, and you may take a cup of coffee from her without stirring it up to look for its sediment.

"So, if she can sing, or play on any musical instrument, all her wickedness will run off through her throat or the tips of her fingers. How many tragedies find their peaceful catastrophe in fierce roudades and strenuous bravuras! How many murders are executed in double-quick time upon the keys which stab the air with their dagger-strokes of sound! What would our civilization be without the piano?

Are not Erard and Broadwood and Chickering the true humanizers of our time. Therefore do I love to hear the all-pervading *tum tum* jarring the walls of little parlors in houses with double door-plates on their portals, looking out on streets, and courts which to know is to be unknown, and where to exist is not to live, according to any true definition of living. Therefore I complain I not of modern degeneracy, when, even from the open window of the small unlovely farm house, tenanted by the hard-handed man of bovine flavors and the flat patterned woman of broken down countenance, issue the same familiar sounds. For who knows that Almira, but for these keys, which throb away her wild impulses in harmless discords, would not have been floating, dead, in the brown stream which runs through the meadows by her father's door,—or living, with that other current which runs beneath the gas lights over the slimy pavement, choking with wretched weeds that were once in spotless flavor.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

No. 2.

BERLIN, Dec. 6, 1860.

After the week described in Leipzig came a yet richer week in Dresden, most beautiful of German cities. Golden October days, most rich and solemn, and nights as lustrous as the crystal air and harvest moon at its full could make them. But no—before going on with our slow record of the past, what if we gratify, or perhaps tantalize, the impatient reader by a moment's leap over into the present. Let us anticipate an instant and take just a glimpse of what is doing here and now. It is a bare inventory that I have to offer, simply the musical programme of this week in Berlin; which shall serve as a sample, hardly above the average, of the whole winter. See then what may be heard in Berlin in a single week. If the list is unusually rich in some particulars, as, for instance, in concerts of the great choral societies, it is below the average in others, say in the German department of the opera and in violin quartets. As it is, I can name only what is publicly announced, making no mention of much that is going on continually in smaller theatres and saloons, as well as occasional private or semi-private soirées of a selecter sort, which are not advertised. On the other hand, let me include in the account one or two choice private opportunities, which enrich the week for your reporter personally, since the object here is to show how much good music one may hear in Berlin in a week, as well as how much he must also lose from the impossibility of being present in two or more places at the same time. Let us begin with

Sunday, Dec. 2.

10 A.M. Services in the Dom or Court Church (Lutheran). The choir of boys and men, the most perfect in all Germany, sing a *Te Deum*, unaccompanied, in perfect tune, with silvery purity of voices, and some chorales.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S KAPELLE (Orchestra), of forty-five, at Mäder's Salon, one of those splendid halls, where men, women and children spend their social afternoon, chatting, knitting, sipping coffee, and listening devoutly to the music, especially if it be Beethoven. Programme:

Overture: "Lear and Cordelia".....Marie Moody  
Fantasia and Sonata, arranged for orchestra by  
Ritter Seyfried.....Mozart  
Overture to "Leonore," (No. 1).....Beethoven  
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mendelssohn

Overture to "Leonore," (No. 2).....Beethoven  
Symphony (No. 12), in D major.....Haydn

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. *Macbeth*, in 5 acts, after Shakspeare; music by Taubert, kapellmeister and conductor of the opera. *Lady Macbeth* by Frau Jachmann (JOHANNA WAGNER).

VICTORIA THEATRE. Italian Opera, with Mme. ANNA DE LA GRANGE, Mlle. DESIREE ARTOT, M. Carrion, &c. Probably *Norma* or *Lucia*, or some such old story. Possibly, *Il Barbiere*, a story (i. e. in music) that does not grow old.

FRIEDRICH-WILHELM-STADTISCHES THEATRE—terrible name to pronounce or write!—Light French Vaudeville or Comic Opera. Offenbach's *Orpheus in Der Hölle*, and Maillard's *Glücklein des Eremiten* (Hermit's Bell), appear to divide nearly all the evenings between them.

Monday, Dec. 3.

ROYAL OPERA. Merelli's Italian Company. *Il Trovatore* (!), by Sig. Verdi. This troupe possesses one rare magnet for the public, in a fresh contralto of the very rarest, purest quality, Mlle. TREBELLI (née Gilbert, at Paris). No contralto that we ever heard—not excepting even Alboni—has a voice of such clear, metallic, fascinating quality, or sings the music of Rossini in a style so finished, chaste and noble; and there is the charm of unaffectedness in all she does. One longs to hear her in an opera of Gluck. She is a musician, too, it is said. From her earliest childhood her teachers were German, and at the age of 10 or 11 she could play Sonatas of Beethoven or fugues of Bach on the piano. Afterwards, when the rare treasure of her voice claimed especial culture, she was initiated into the songs of Schubert and other noble tone-poets. I have heard her only in *Tancredi* and a poorer opera of Rossini, and found report completely justified. The only soprano prima donna of this Italian (!) company is the Signora Lorini (our American Virginia Whiting), who has attained to a marvellous degree of facile florid execution, or what they call here *coloratur*. The men are quite indifferent.

The other two opera houses as above.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Tonhalle (café, &c.). Gentlemen most politely requested not to smoke; with which request they comply for the most part, with a degree of self-sacrifice only appreciable by Germans; let the rest of us be thankful, and indulge them all the more on the first fit occasion. A few sneaking whiffs of rebellion there will be, naturally, in obscure corners on the outskirts of the crowd and up in the galleries; but, on the whole, pretty well for Germans. Verily Liebig is an institution. The man who, through the spell of Beethoven and Mozart, and even duller emulators of their fame, can keep tongues quiet in their heads and cigars reduced to secret restlessness in pockets, through three or four whole hours of German life, is certainly a benefactor to Art and the world. And his is no false, merely negative, Temperance Society principle.



MARTHA.

9

The musical score for 'MARTHA' is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations and dynamics. The score is organized into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The second system includes a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking. The third system includes a 'meno moto.' (meno mosso) marking. The fourth system includes a 'p' (piano) marking. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

## MARTHA.



ACT I.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION.

*Andante.*  
*p*

*cres.* *ff* *ff*

*p*

*cres.*

*Ped.*

*p*



12

MARTHA.

The musical score for 'MARTHA' is written for piano and consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various dynamic markings and performance instructions:

- System 1:** Starts with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The first measure of the treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic. The system ends with a *f* (forte) dynamic.
- System 2:** Features a *p* (piano) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.
- System 3:** Includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a *a Tempo.* instruction.
- System 4:** Contains two *\* Ped.* markings and a *cres.* marking.
- System 5:** Features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.
- System 6:** Includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.
- System 7:** Ends with a *f Ped.* (forte pedal) marking.



He does good positively. He does not simply take away, he gives you something; pours you out generous, foaming, overflowing measures of pure soul champagne, the glorious inspirations of the masters who have sung best from the heart to the heart of universal harmony. And think how cheap we get it! It is almost "Come ye to the waters, without money and without price." The admission to each concert is *five silbergroschen* or ten tickets (to be used when you will) for one *thaler*, that is, 7 1-2 cents for each concert! For which you get, this afternoon, this bill of fare:

Overture to "Zampa".....*Herold*.  
Symphony, in E flat.....*A. Romberg*.  
Overture, (by a new aspirant).....*H. Urban*.  
"Invitation to the Dance".....*Weber*.  
Overture to "Tannhäuser".....*Wagner*.  
Symphony, in B flat, No. 4.....*Beethoven*.

5 P.M. SING-AKADEMIE. Rehearsal at their beautiful. Three hundred voices; ladies and gentlemen who feel it a privilege to pay something for the pleasure and instruction of practising the best kind of choral music under the direction of such masters as the venerable GRELL, (now esteemed the first composer of sacred music in Germany), and BLUMNER, his colleague, author of a successful oratorio, "Abraham." The pieces under rehearsal (the most rigid and the most cheerful that we ever witnessed), for the approaching concert, are two: A Mass for sixteen voice-parts, containing really sublime effects, and a *Te Deum*, both by Grell. This will be the second concert of their series; at the first they gave the *Paulus* of Mendelssohn.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, with a new German text, in place of the coarse and silly one to which he wrote it. Frau Köster, Fr. Bötticher, Fr. Herrenburg-Tuczek, Herren Krüger, Salomon and Bost. Conductor, Herr Kapellmeister Dorn.

Other Opera houses as above.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Semiramide*, with Lorini and Trebelli.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Mme. Lagrange in *Rigoletto*.

FRIEDR. WILHELMSTADT. DO. Offenbach's *Orpheus*, &c.

7 P.M. LIEBIG, at Sommers' Salon. Enormously crowded and hot. Discomfort seeks relief (for self alone) in noise and bad tobacco smoke. Exceptional this. What perhaps aggravated the restlessness was the long time devoted in the first section of the programme to the airing of new composers' aspirations and the gratifying of curiosity to hear what is written now-a-days in the way of overture and symphony. The first two pieces, especially the Symphony, proved exceedingly *langweilig*—tedious.

Overture to "Don Carlos".....*L. Deppe*  
Symphony in A.....*A. Fischer*

Overture: "Nachklänge von Ossian".....*N. Gade*  
"Spring-Song," arranged for Orchestra. *Mendelssohn*  
Romanza, for Violoncello.....*Franchomme*  
Overture to "Coriolan".....*Beethoven*

Symphony (No. 13), G minor (not the G minor)

Mozart

7 1-2 P.M. Herr G. WEISS gives a Soirée, chiefly for the production, it would seem, of his own sacred vocal compositions. This is a great week for new productions. He has a delegation of voices from the Sing-Akademie to aid him.

This is his programme:

1. Sacred Chorus: "Lasst uns, &c.".....*G. Weiss*
2. Recit. and Air from "Passions music".....*J. S. Bach*
3. *Geistliche Gesänge*, from the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis.....*G. Weiss*
4. Sonata in C, op. 53.....*Beethoven*
5. Song: *Bell' Raggio*, from "Semiramide".....*Rossini*
6. Songs and Morning Hymn.....*G. Weiss*

Thursday, Dec. 6.

10—12 A.M. Two hours at the organ with old BACH, in the Kloster-kirche. This was a special, private boon, enjoyed by only three listeners. The organist was a young countryman of ours, of whom our readers have heard, and will hear more, Mr. John K. Paine, of Portland, Maine. Unwarmed and cheerless as the great church was, all brick within and brick without, it soon sent a thrill of inward warmth through one to hear the noble themes enunciated and so wonderfully developed through the interwoven voices in such works as these:

1. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....*Bach*
2. Sonata, in G major, (in form of Trio for two Manuals and Pedal).....*"*
3. Prelude and Fugue, in G.....*"*
4. Toccata, in F, (very brilliant).....*"*
5. Variations on "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," by the performer.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. *Mathilda di Sabran* (or *Corradino*), comic opera, by Rossini, Mmes Lorini and Trebelli.

Other Opera houses as usual.

7 P.M. SECOND SINFONIE SOIRÉE of the Royal Orchestra, in the Concert-Saal of the Opera House. Eighty musicians, conducted by Taubert. These are the great Symphony concerts of Berlin; the proceeds to go to charitable objects. The instruments are all in the hands of the very first artists. The programme always consists of just two Symphonies, two Overtures, and nothing else. This time it is less interesting than usual to a veteran concert-goer, since the pieces must be mostly quite familiar to him.

Symphony, in B flat major.....*Haydn*.

Overture, to "Les Abencerrages".....*Cherubini*.

Overture, to "Euryanthe".....*Weber*.

Symphony (No. 2) in D.....*Beethoven*.

7 P.M. Concert of the "MOHR'SCHEN GESANGVEREIN," for charity, and also for the airing of young composers' ideas. The pieces announced were:

1. Overture, C minor, comp. by.....*H. Mohr*
2. String Quartet, F major.....*"*
3. "Der Wasserneck," a Lyrical Cantata, for Chorus, Solo and Orchestra.....*R. Würst*

Friday, Dec. 7.

4 P.M. LIEBIG, at the Walhalla, to accompany the chocolate and coffee, and keep the knitting needles up to concert pitch.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1.).....*Beethoven*.

Symphony in E flat major.....*A. Romberg*.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2.).....*Beethoven*.

Andante, from a Symphony.....*Abt Vogler*.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3.).....*Beethoven*.

Symphony (No. 13) in C major.....*Haydn*.

A rare chance in this and the next named concert to study Beethoven's working processes, and trace the growth of his thought, how it worked itself out by successive trials to full and complete expression. And all for three groschen! Surely here is a good *seven and a half cents' worth* of Beethoven, to say nothing of Father Haydn, Romberg, &c.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German night. The fairy opera, *Oberon*, by C. M. von Weber. Here is temptation; but we are committed to the next, viz:

7 P.M. ROBERT RADECKE's second subscription concert, in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. These are the fresher, livelier series of orchestral concerts, representing progress, presenting greater variety of matter than the Royal Orchestra, arranged and conducted by a fresh and energetic young man. They correspond more nearly perhaps than anything else in Berlin to the Gewandhaus concerts of Leipzig. But the orchestra is less large and perfect, namely Liebig's, which is quickened, however, into new life under Radecke's control. Numbers 2 and 4 in the following programme, are new compositions by artists living in Berlin.

1. Overture (No. 1) to "Leonore".....*Beethoven*
2. Psalm 137: "By the waters of Babylon," &c., for chorus, solo and orchestra. (Conducted by the composer).....*George Vierling*
3. Concerto in E minor, piano with orchestra, entire, (played by Herr Gustav Schumann). *Chopin*
4. "Ein Märchen," overture, (the composer conducting).....*Richard Würst*

5. Symphony (No. 3), in E flat.....*R. Schumann*  
In the first of his four concerts Radecke gave us the entire music of Beethoven to the "Ruins of Athens," and Schumann's overture to "Geneveva."

Saturday, Dec. 8.

7 P.M. ROYAL DOMCHOR. First Soirée in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. Boy's and men's voices, unaccompanied. Nothing finer of its kind in Europe, so they say.

PART I.

1. "Lamentabatur Jacob," by *Cristoforo Morales* (born at Seville, 1520, died at Rome, 1574).
2. Chorus (for men's voices), by *Giovanni Croce* (1594).
3. "Agnus Dei," by *Bernabei* (1720).
4. Fugue for piano, in A minor, by *Bach*.
5. "Adoramus," by *Benelli*.

PART II.

6. Motet, by *C. S. Schröter* (1740).
7. Chorale: "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," by *J. S. Bach*.
8. Andante and Allegro from piano-forte Sonata in F minor (op. 57), by *Beethoven*.
9. Motet, by *Johann Cristoph Bach*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA. Italian. *Semiramide*.

VICTORIA THEATRE. Lagrange in parts of *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere* and *Lucia*.

Sunday, Dec. 9.

4 P.M. LIEBIG'S ORCHESTRA, at Maeder's Salon, again.

Overture to the *Wasserträger*.....*Cherubini*.

Symphony in A major ("Italian").....*Mendelssohn*.

Overture to "Don Carlos,".....*Deppe*.

"Auforderung zum Tanze".....*Weber*.

Overture to "William Tell".....*Rossini*.

Symphony, in C minor.....*Beethoven*.

6 1-2 P.M. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE. German opera: *Armida*, by Gluck.

At the Victoria, *Norma*; at the Friedr. Wilhelmst., "the Hermit's Bell."

7 P.M. THE BACH-VEREIN, conducted by G. Vierling, give the first of three concerts. The principal features of the programme are:

Cantata, by *Bach*: "Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden."  
Passions-music, by *Schütz* (17th century).  
Cantata, by *Bach*: "Ich halte viel Bekümmerniss."

—But I had best draw the curtain, ere the reader cry: "What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom." Truly here is full as much as any mortal ears could crave to hear in eight days. And now, if one were disposed to be ugly, he might call on his friend, the editor at home, for a like statement of what Boston has to show for any given week; but coupled with the taunt should be the benevolent wish that that friend might never be drawn asunder by announcements of Bach on one side of the Lindens, and Gluck on the other, the same evening. Boston shall arrange her attractions better, and take care that Bach cantatas fall upon the Verdi nights.

And now let us recall the harvest moon and Dresden. D.

#### Handel and Haydn Society.

An immense audience filled the Music Hall on Sunday evening last to hear "The Messiah." One would think that such a large attendance would warrant a series of concerts for the winter; but the Society, we learn, are doubtful as to the result, and have abandoned their project. The concert was in many respects a successful one, though there were few marked features in the performances. The body of tone was large and full, as it seemed to us; although being compelled to sit next to the stage, we lost much of the sound that was wafted over to the balconies. The choruses were generally well sung, though with scarcely the precision and steadiness in time that could be desired. The altos and sopranos occasionally indulged in cross purposes, giving the effect of a slight see-saw movement. However, it is not worth while to be too critical when the general result is satisfactory. Of the solos it may be said that they were carefully rendered, but without the spirit that rouses the enthusiasm of an audience. The debutante, Miss GILSON, a high, pure soprano, seemed to receive the largest share of applause, even more than was given to Miss PHILLIPPS for her grand and artistic performance. However, the public, not unnaturally, likes a new face and a sweet voice; and Miss Gilson's notes are all pearls. The excessive use of *portamento* in "Come unto Him" gave it a sickish sweetness to our ears. A singer ought to show some nerve even in a *legato* strain. When the timidity incident to a first appearance has worn off, this lady may take a good position among our oratorio singers.

Mrs. HARWOOD was heard with most pleasure in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She gave this sublime song a fullness and significance that one rarely hears even from more celebrated artists. In the recitatives, while we have no special fault to find, we miss a certain dramatic vigor necessary for their highest effect. Mr. ADAMS has, as our readers all know, a sweet toned voice, inclining to a tender expression, so that his singing is more impressive in a smaller hall and in music of a different character. He was technically correct and gave his best endeavors to render the airs effectively; but his powers do not seem to be suited to the severe and rugged style of Handel. The new bass, Mr. THOMAS, has a light and flexible voice and a correct method, but he lacks the ponderous tone which these sombre strains seem to demand.

Of Miss Phillipps we can say but little, for her voice and style are so admirable, and her genius so widely known and recognized, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than to mention her name. Her singing of "He was despised," was enough to establish her as an artist of the highest rank.

On the whole, the Society is to be congratulated; and if nothing more can be done in these troublous times, we must wait till next winter for another Sunday evening concert. We hope, though, they will think better of it.

#### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

FOURTH CONCERT, JAN. 1, 1861.

1. Quartette in B flat, No 6, op. 18. . . . . Beethoven  
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio and Allegro.
2. Aria, "Ah s'estinto ancor mi vuoi," from Donna Caritea, Mercedante . . . . .  
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Andante and Scherzo, from the Quartette in E, op. 81, (Posthumous work,) . . . . . Mendelssohn
4. Songs, { "My dream of love is over," . . . . . Spohr  
Recitative and Air, "Deh vieni," from Le nozze de Figaro. . . . . Mozart  
Mrs. Long.
5. Quintette in B flat, (first time,) . . . . . Julius Eichberg  
Motto—"Schuen, Trachten, und Sterben."  
(To aspire, to strive, to die.)  
Allegro—Scherzando and Adagio—Finale, Allegro.

We have scarcely ever heard the strings of the Club sound fresher and purer than during the first two movements of the Beethoven quartet. The hall, not being quite as crowded as at the last concert, had just the right temperature. The quartet went very well; the gentlemen seemed to play with a will, and brought out finely all the youthful mirth of the composer. One of his earliest works, it is as pleasant as Mozart's; much of its form, the short melodies, the cadences, the trills, tells of the period when he yet wrote within the accustomed limits of traditional forms. The whole of it is delicious. If "la Malinconia" is not as deep as he felt and wrote in after life, we do not find fault with him. It is a *real*, though a very slight melancholy, and is set off finely by the two movements between which it is placed. These two seem of the same material, the same motive and feeling running through both of them. Unfortunately the first violin was somewhat out of tune during part of the third movement, and seemed to be at loggerheads with some of the highest notes. We noticed this in Mr. EICHBERG's quintet too a few times.

Mrs. LONG's part was rendered in her splendid way, with her fine voice and careful school. The aria from Mercedante, she sang most to our liking; the song of Spohr and the *Deh vieni* were rendered rather colder than they should have been.

It is a matter of some delicacy to speak of a new work, if we cannot afford it full praise. Such is our case. We think Mr. Eichberg ought not to have put the motto on the programme. Raising expectations that are not fulfilled, stating a programme that is not carried out, leaves unpleasant impressions. Better leave free play to imagination—it is not well to tie it down. Of the four movements the fourth seemed to be the best. Through the whole work however we could not find the connecting link, the idea. The first motive of the first movement is grand and good. But though the form is faultless, often ingenious, though the motives are worked up skillfully, though several of the melodies are very good (so the second theme of the last movement, with a Mendelssohnian grace and flavor about it,)—we yet could not see the connection of many of the musical phrases. The last movement with its strong first motive, its half melancholy second theme, and a third melody coming in afterwards of quite a pleasing character, has nothing in it of death. The first movement might be aspiration and striving, but neither the Adagio, which begins with quite a noble strain nor the last movement, can possibly be construed into dying. To be short: the work has many fine passages as to melody and harmony and working up of motives, but it is in our opinion not a work of inspiration and genius, rather one of industry and talent. While we applaud the ambition of Mr. Eichberg to write in a noble, elevated form we regret not to be able to say more to encourage him.

Of the intentions of the Club, very praiseworthy and welcome, to give Saturday evening concerts, our readers will find some notice in our advertising columns.

On Saturday last Mr. B. C. BLODGETT a young musical student recently returned from Germany, gave a musical soirée at the rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., with the assistance of Mrs. J. H. LONG, Miss D. P. PEARSON, Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Mr. WULF FRIES and Mr. F. H. HOWARD to about two hundred invited guests. Mr. B. will no doubt become an ornament to the circle of musician-artists in Boston. His style does not show as yet any individual character or poetic inspiration; it is all learned, but learned well. The selection of pieces was judicious. The novelty presented—a Trio by Jadassohn—proved to be highly interesting.

#### Musical Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 22.—We have had considerable music lately, Mrs. C. VARIAN JAMES gave six "grand concerts" and our Philharmonic Society its third. I enclose programme:

##### PART I.

1. Overture, "Preciosa" . . . . . G. M. v. Weber
2. Chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mass in G. C. M. v. Weber
3. Cavatina, "Pensa alla Patria," from "l'Italiana in Algieri" . . . . . Rossini
4. Allegretto from "Third Symphony" . . . . . L. van Beethoven
5. Recitative, Aria and Chorus, "Guerrieri, a voi," from "Norma" . . . . . Bellini

##### PART II.

1. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . . Mendelssohn
2. Chorus, "Gloria Patri" . . . . . Palestrina
3. Duo, "Sul Aria," from "Figaro" . . . . . Mozart
4. Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Bellini" . . . . . Artot
5. { a.) Air and Chorus, "Oh May" . . . . .  
{ b.) Quartet and Chorus, "Grand Finale" . . . . .  
from "Eurlanthe" . . . . . C. M. v. Weber

We liked Mrs. James very much indeed. I had prepared an elaborate article on our third concert, but for a wonderful and unusual thing every paper in the city prepared and published long articles, something never done before here, and have appropriated every fine sentence I had ready, so I can only say that there were 2000 present of our best citizens, and that everything was a complete success.

The violin solo was the surprise of the evening, Dr. KELLERER proving himself really to be an artist. We were disappointed in not hearing a flute solo by Mr. CARR. If you have a better professional player than Dabney Carr, why—I never heard him. The solos of this and the last concert sung by Mrs. ALLEN, Mr. CATHERWOOD, &c., and the parts sung by Miss VON PHUL and Miss MCGUNNEGLE, were the best ever sung here, excepting the first prima donna. Mr. Catherwood's voice is four or five notes lower than CARL FORMES, and no wise behind in power. In the last Miss Von Phul in the sextet from Lucia, and Mrs. Allen in, "In tears I pine," surprised their best friends.

The Society has many efficient members who contribute very materially to its advancement. CHARLES BALMER is one of the most active, and to him in no little degree does this Society owe its sound footing. PATTI did not come; is in New Orleans, I believe.

A. C.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, DEC. 31.—If Charles Wesley were living to-day he certainly could not complain that the devil has all the best music. "The school of the prophets" at Andover has an organization (without an organ) under the name and style of the Lockhart Society, which gives us better music than "the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders" to which the Satanic legions march in the first Book of the Paradise Lost.

Last Thursday (Dec. 27) the Lockharts gave a concert in the Town Hall, which is universally acknowledged to be the finest ever heard in Andover. Classic gems of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, fairy fantasias of Chopin, solemn wailings of Van Bree—one could well imagine that one was listening to Otto Dresel and the Orphans. (Let these artists be void of fear—the Lockharts will soon be scattered among



the Turks and cannibals as young missionaries.)

The Society is peculiarly fortunate at this time in possessing a leader (formerly of the Harvard Glee Club) who has not only musical skill but what is quite as needful, great enthusiasm, and a rare faculty for inspiring it in others.

It has good reason also to be proud of its pianist—a gentleman who inherits the name and genius of all the Masons. If any association would license him he could doubtless preach sermons without words.

"Not harsh and crumbed as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute."

(Of course he would have a right to use notes.) These artists are the two great lights. Then there were sixteen stars who ruled the night. I append their programme for your edification.

## PART I.

1. Tirolerlied. . . . . Kummer.  
Flute and Piano.
2. Chorus, "Sanctus." Arranged by . . . . . Tufts.
3. { Quartette, "Serenade" . . . . . Eisenhofer.  
Chorus, "Wo Solch ein Feuer" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. { Marche Funebre . . . . . Chopin.  
Charakterstück . . . . . Heller.  
Piano.
5. Chorus, "Integer Vitae" . . . . . Flemming.
6. Solo, "Die Reue" . . . . . Fuchs.
7. Chorus, "Setze mir nicht" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

1. Caprice de Concert, (La Traviata) . . . . . Ascher.  
Piano.
2. Duo, "Qual Mare Quel Terra" . . . . . Verdi.
3. Solo and Chorus, "Agnus Dei." Mass in G. Van Bree.
4. Adelaide . . . . . Beethoven.  
Flute and Piano.
5. Quartette, "Love" . . . . . Cherubini.
6. Chorus, "Huntsman's Farewell" . . . . . Mendelssohn.
7. Eight Voices, "Wanderer's Night Song" . . . . . Lenz.
8. Chorus, "Farewell" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

If we take into consideration that this classic programme was the work of gentlemen who sang together for the first time at the beginning of the present term and pilfered their half hours of practice from Hebrew and Edwards on the Will, it is no slight praise to say that they were successful, that half the pieces were enthusiastically encored and that the other half deserved the same praise.

It was a good thing both for the Society and for the Seminary. People see that Theologians can do something besides put folks to sleep. The announcement of a concert by Old School Theologians would twenty-five years ago, have attracted as much attention as a chorus of mummies with the accompaniment of the Bones. But it is fit that the oldest and holiest of the fine arts should number its votaries in this chosen seat of Orthodoxy just as in the Theological School at Bethel young prophets went down from the hill of God to greet King Saul with psaltery and tabret and pipe and harp.

DA CAPO.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 1, 1861.—We have had but little music in this monumental city during the present season. A pleasing Concert by FORMES, FABREI, and STIGELLI,—a poor performance of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of the Redeemer," given by the Choir of the Cathedral and "other amateur vocalists"—a week of very bad and poorly paid opera—another operatic concert. This is the whole catalogue of the vocal entertainment which Baltimore has treated itself to thus far this winter. Haydn's Oratorio of the "Seven Last Words" I had never heard before and parts of it seemed to me very grand and effective. But it was given without expression, without time, without animation, without everything, in short, which was needed to give a fit interpretation of such a work. Add to this that the performance took place in a hall nearly twice as long as your Music Hall with but half its breadth (erected over a market, and dignified by the name of the Maryland Institute Hall), and that the noise of shuffling feet and clattering tongues was almost incessantly heard mingling with the feeble tones from the distant platform, and you can easily imagine the sensations which

tingled the ears of one accustomed to the full choruses of the "Handel and Haydn," and the decorum of a Boston Concert Room. As the concert was "for charity," I tried to be religiously reconciled to the very un-devotional nature of the performance, and so, closing my eyes, I fancied myself to be in some vast cathedral, and tried to imagine that the strains of music which came so indistinctly from the distance proceeded from the lofty choir, and that the noise of treading feet was but the sound of passing worshippers who had knelt and prayed and were giving place to other devotees. The illusion, however, was only temporary, for I had never associated with solemn worship and pealing anthems beneath "fretted vaults" and in "long-drawn aisles" such harsh confusion of feet and tongues and voices as greeted my ear from every side. Next time such a charity concert is given, I shall leave my "quarter" at the ticket-office, out of regard for the poor, and then, out of regard to myself, shall—go home.

For instrumental music we have had four concerts thus far, given by the "Beethoven Society," and to all lovers of good music, these performances have given great delight and satisfaction. I believe this is only the second season of the "Beethoven," and the Society is already one of which Baltimore may well be proud. The following gentlemen make up the company: MAHR, 1st violin; GIBSON, 2nd violin; LENSCHOU, 1st viola; THEIDE, 2nd viola; SCHEIDLER, Piano; JUNGnickel, Violoncello.

Like your "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," the Beethoven is made up of artists in the best sense of the term. All of them are finished performers, and thorough musicians, and all are alike animated by a strong love for their art. Nothing but their devotion to the highest order of musical compositions and their determination to aid in cultivating a knowledge of these works among the musical public here, could sustain such a society in Baltimore, for the pecuniary support which is given them is very much less than is awarded to similar societies in Boston and New York. The 3d Concert of the "Beethoven" was given a fortnight ago last evening. The following is the programme:

## PART I.

1. Overture, from the Opera, "Don Giovanni," for Piano, Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by . . . . . Mozart
2. Solo Quartette, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by . . . . . Grand
3. Quintette, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello, by Beethoven

## PART II.

1. Quartette, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello, by . . . . . Haydn
2. Grand Duo, from the opera "Martha," for Violoncello and Piano, by . . . . . Gregor and Servais
3. Grand Potpourri, from Preciosa, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, by . . . . . C. M. V. Weber

The Quintette by Beethoven was the one in E flat, but to my surprise, only the first movement was played. I was still more astonished when, upon remonstrating with a member of the Society for thus preparing me for a feast and then withholding the feast itself, I was told that the audience wouldn't endure the performance of an entire Quintette or Quartette of Beethoven! "Endure," indeed, when we had just listened to the whole of the Solo Quartette by Grand, a very pleasing thing to be sure, but as a whole wearisome and unsatisfactory! Such treatment of an audience made up of music-lovers, all of whom seemed fully to appreciate the fragment of Beethoven to which we were served, seemed to me no less absurd than would be the conduct of a teacher who should think his pupils advanced enough to be wearied by Ben Jonson's prolixities, but not yet capable of appreciating a play of Shakespeare. I shall look for better things from the "Beethoven" hereafter. The 4th concert was given last evening with the following programme:

## PART I.

1. Sinfonie, in C major, (by particular request,) for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello. . . . . Beethoven
2. Quartette, for 2 Violins, Viola and Violoncello. . . . . Haydn
3. Grand Solo, for the Violin, performed by F. G. . . . . De Beriot

## PART II.

1. Quintette, for 2 Violins, 2 Violas and Violoncello. Beethoven
2. Grand Trio, from "Maritana," for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. . . . . Wallace
3. Overture, from the opera "Guillaume Tell," for Piano, 2 Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. . . . . Rossini

The Quintette of Beethoven this time was the ever beautiful "Septuor," three movements of which were admirably rendered. Then we had the whole of the sparkling symphony in C major, which was much more effective than I had expected from only four stringed instruments and the piano. As the pathetic

Andante of the "Septuor" seemed a most fit expression of the sadness of the "dying year" whose last moments were thus speaking on through "music's golden tongue," so the symphony was the embodiment of all the joys and pleasures which the old year had brought us. The Quartette of Haydn was well performed, but why is it that all other Quartettes seem so to lack the soul which we feel in all of Beethoven's works? The form seems to me to be the same, but will some of your critics tell me what is this grand difference which I am sure has been felt by many others besides your correspondent?

I must notice in closing this hurried epistle, a marked improvement in the diminution of the opera element in the programme. I am sure the "Beethoven" as it grows older will adhere still more steadily to its highest purposes, and give their pupils (for such are all of their audience), healthy discipline in the "classics" in place of all the nursery rhymes and picture books to which, in music, we are all so apt to cling with more than childish fondness.

H. G. S.

## New Publications.

We have received from A. WILLIAMS & Co., "The Knickerbocker" for January, 1861, in a new dress and new cover, which we cannot like so well as the time honored old one. Mr. Clarke is still at its head, and many of the best American writers are contributors to its well printed pages.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—Singing carols is something rather unusual in New England, and when we read of the mediæval carols, and the "yule log" at a time when

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer,  
A poor man's heart through half the year."

it delights us to imitate the goodly German or English holiday customs with all their domestic festivities. Our Christmas Eve was gladdened by a serenade in front of the Advertiser office last evening, a genuine carolling, which, according to the ancient custom of singing carols at Christmas, was intended to recall the songs of the shepherds. The following are the two carols with which we were favored:—

Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from Heaven afar,  
Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!  
Christ, the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light,  
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

Earthly friends will change and falter,  
Earthly hearts will vary;  
He is born that cannot alter,  
Of the Virgin Mary.  
Born to-day—Raise the Lay;  
Born to-day—Twine the Bay:  
Jesus Christ is born to suffer.  
Born for you: Born for you,—Holly strew:  
Jesus Christ was born to conquer,  
Born to save: Born to save,—Laurel wave:  
Jesus Christ was born to govern.  
Born a King: Born a King,—Bay wreaths bring,  
Jesus Christ was born of Mary,  
Born for all: Well befall, Hearth and Hall,  
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,  
Born far all.

These carols were sung by a choir of boys from the Advent Church, Green street, who performed their parts finely. We wish them all a "Merry Christmas" and many happy returns of their annual carollings.—Daily Advertiser.

## London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Another glorious triumph for English opera—another hope for national music. Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, produced on Thursday evening, was one of the most legitimate successes ever witnessed within the walls of any theatre. The excitement commenced with the overture, which was encored, and was rampant at the end of the first act, when a vociferous call was made for Mr. Balfe, who, after some delay—doubtless not being prepared for so early a summons—made his appearance, and was received with deafening acclamations. Four long acts, enduring four hours and a half, would have cooled any ordinary enthusiasm, and have tired any ordinary patience; but the applause, far from abating, went on increasing, and was most vehement in the last two acts, the audience unanimously encoring a gallop in

the last scene, which was indeed inevitable, since the music is exciting in the extreme, and the *pas* is most admirably arranged by M. Petit, the *maitre de ballet*, and was capably danced by the young ladies.

The libretto of the *Bravo's Bride* is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has founded his plot on Monk Lewis's melodrama, *Rugantino, the Bravo of Venice*, and has pretty closely adhered to the original. *Rugantino* is not only buried in oblivion, as far as regards production on the stage, but is excluded from most editions of English dramatic works, even from those, like the *London Stage*, which pretend to comprise every work that achieved popularity in its day. It is, however, included in "Cumberland's Plays," but does not appear to have obtained much favor at any time. The story, as adapted in the libretto, may be thus briefly detailed:—

A certain romantic young Prince of Ferrara falls in love with Bianca, daughter of the Duke of Milan, but, though betrothed to her in some mysterious way, which does not appear, wishes to be loved for himself, and not for his princedom. He takes upon him the guise of a young soldier of fortune, and wins the heart of the tender Bianca, but withholds confession of his affection. He departs to the wars—to test the young lady's love by absence, we may suppose—and "crushes the bravo band." How this is effected we are not informed; but the "bravo band" is headed by a terrible chief, Fortespada, whose very name strikes terror to all the country round. Our prince is "led by fate" to the brigand's den, and finds him dying, and so penitent, that he confesses "a foul conspiracy of death" on the part of certain nobles against the Duke of Milan, in which he is implicated. The brigand gives the prince a list of the traitors, and dies. Upon this, the better to prosecute his plans to discover the head of the conspiracy, the prince disguises himself as the brigand, gains access to the conspirators, and induces them to elect him as their chief. He has them thus entirely in his power, but why he does not denounce them at once is not told. The prince is a great adept at disguises. Two of the conspirators having determined to kill Bianca in the grand cathedral of Milan, where she goes alone to pray, our prince, who knows everything, is ready behind a pillar, caparisoned as a mendicant, and stabs the highborn gentleman who was about to stab her. Bianca faints, and on coming to herself she sees the beggar transformed into the brigand, and is terrified when she hears him claim her, in life or death, as the "Bravo's Bride." The young lady—who must have been singularly obtuse as to vision not to detect her lover through one of his disguises—naturally screams, and brings her father and friends to her assistance. The Prince, however, is not so easily caught. Directly he hears the approach of footsteps he assumes the garb of a monk, and makes his escape. We need not dwell upon the incident of the Prince appearing to the Duke as the bravo, since nothing comes from it, but may go at once to state the *dénouement*, which happens thus:—Changing his tactics, the Prince appears to Bianca as Odoardo, when a confession of love takes place on both sides. The lovers are detected in their transports by the Duke, who, at first enraged with Odoardo, at last consents to grant him his daughter's hand, provided he would place Fortespada in his power that night, at twelve, in the great ducal hall. Nothing can be easier for the Prince to comply with, as we know. Accordingly at night, when the ball goes forward, and the midnight hour has tolled, Odoardo appears and announces that he has captured Fortespada alive. "Bring him before us," cries the Duke, whereupon the Prince retires, and returns as the Bravo. He is unanimously voted to destruction, when the royal troops appear, and, at a sign from the Prince, carry off all the conspirators in custody. Lastly, his Royal Highness declares that Fortespada and Odoardo are the same, and, being pressed for further disclosures, confesses that the Prince of Ferrara is identical with the bravo and the young officer.

Of the music generally we are inclined to think that the composer has expended more thought and care upon it than on any previous occasion. But on this point we must defer entering into details until our next. The first performances of our impressions shall be published with our criticism of the music.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The weather has not been very favorable for the winter concerts, four of which have been now given; nevertheless, the attendance on each occasion has been larger than might have been expected. The programmes continue to preserve their distinctive instrumental features, which Mr. Augustus Manns finds he has been wise in adopting. A symphony and one or two overtures invariably constitute items in the selection, for the most part executed with efficiency and vigor. The

new vocal favorite has been Mad. Palmieri, who made her *début* last Saturday, and sang airs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and the Italian repertory with marked effect. Also the lady's *cara sposa*, Signor Palmieri, presented himself as a tenor singer, with no remarkable results. M. Joseph Heine, a violinist, made his first appearance, and executed Ernst's *Pirata fantasia* with much applause. The symphony was Mendelssohn's A major, alias *The Italian*.—*Ibid.*

LEAMINGTON, (England).—A famous young violinist, J. Becker, who has met with much success in England, has met with a singular accident. One of the strings of his violin breaking while he was examining it, struck him in the right eye, probably depriving it of sight. The unfortunate young artist is thus stopped at the beginning of a brilliant career. The accident occurred at Leamington.

### Paris.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—A Paris journal, *La Presse*, in noticing a musical performance which recently took place at the house of Madame Orpila, one of the most distinguished amateurs in the French metropolis, thus speaks of the two fair artists, Mlles. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, who have already won for themselves so much renown at the Grand Opera and in private *salons* by their *ensemble* singing: "But the principal attraction of the evening was the first appearance in this artistic *salon* of the sisters Marchisio; they sang the duos from *Matilda di Shabran* and *Norma* in the midst of a transport of enthusiastic applauses; the perfection of their method, the richness of their organ, but, above all, that admirable combination of the two voices, the quality of which harmonizes so perfectly, that marvellous blending together even of the most difficult nuances; those oppositions of light and shade so wonderfully managed, so exquisitely graduated, in short, all those qualities of *ensemble*, twins, as it were, which characterize and individualize the talents of the sisters Marchisio, astonished, no less than enchanted, the brilliant auditory. We doubt whether the sisters Marchisio ever obtained a success more real and more flattering at the same time. Among the company who were most liberal of their applause were Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, M. Duprez, and the "brothers Braga."—*London Musical World*, Dec. 8.

FLORENCE.—A new musical journal *l'Italia Artistica* has appeared here, and has reached its eighth number.

ROME.—Another new opera has been brought out at the Apollo theatre, called *Stefanias*, revealing the artistic talent of the young maestro Raffaele Gentili.

AMSTERDAM.—The Society for the promotion of the Science of Music at Amsterdam had invited about eighteen months ago, the learned in music of all countries to join in a competition, for which the works might be written in any language. The prize task was an historical treatise on the musical condition of the Netherlands during the sixteenth century. At the meeting of the 23d of last October, the dispensation of the prizes took place; they were all won by German competitors. The first prize was gained by Herr D. Arnold, of Albersfeld, for an historical critical essay on the rhythm and melody of the old Netherland national popular songs. Herr Kade, at Dresden, won a second prize, for a monography on Mattheus le Maistre; and Herr E. Pasque, at Darmstadt, received a prize for a monography on Adrian Petit. Moreover, the Society has undertaken to support the publication of the works of Herren Arnold and Kade.

HAVANA.—The opera season commenced in the city of Havana on the 2d of Dec. with the "Trovatore." The *Diario de la Marina* says:—"Senora Lotti possesses many natural recommendations. She is of a beautiful figure, has a fresh and musical voice, which she manages with much skill, taste and elegance. Senora Natali (Fanny) is already well known to the public. Senor Pancani economized his voice on his debut, but in many of the fine passages he gave evidence of great ability. Senor Cresci, was also disposed to reserve his voice for a greater occasion, but he shows that he knows how to sing and to use his excellent talent to advantage. Altogether the 'Trovatore' was well represented. Senor Gottschalk directed the orchestra with his usual ability."

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